

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

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CLARK  
ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·



March, 1941

IN A CIGARETTE



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**28%**

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than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself



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**"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS** about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

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**CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —**

## Dedication

TO MISS MINNIE V. RICE, WHOSE FIFTY YEARS OF  
SERVICE AT THE FARMVILLE STATE TEACHERS  
COLLEGE HAVE ENDEARED HER TO ALL WHO  
HAVE KNOWN HER WE AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF  
*THE COLONNADE*





*Front Campus in Spring*

# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. III

MARCH, 1941

NO. 3

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# The Colonnade

VOLUME III

NUMBER 3

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## The Columns . . . .

### DEDICATION . . . . .

Fifty years ago, when our present Farmville State Teachers College was known as the State Female Normal School, Miss Minnie V. Rice accepted a position among the faculty. For these fifty years she has remained one of that faculty, teaching daughter and granddaughters, and giving to all who have been privileged to know her a sense of the high ideals and magnificent character which she so nobly embodies. We are happy to dedicate this issue of The Colonnade to one so dear to us.

We are grateful to Miss Lila London, long associated with Miss Rice, for her tribute appearing in this issue, and to Caralie Nelson, our Student Government President, who tells of Miss Rice as the teacher and friend and of the little things by which we shall always remember her.

### TURNING THE PAGES . . . . .

You will find Ernestine Meacham's "Impressions in General of Life" which we promised you. It is

modeled after the style of Gertrude Stein, eccentric writer, who has created a free-flowing style marked by individuality and cleverness of expression. Also among the essays is a vivid description of Tangier Island, which lies off the shores of Virginia in the Chesapeake. The inhabitants of this small island have founded a distinct civilization which marks them as a happy, easy-going folk whose chief source of income is from the sea, and whose reputation for sea food has long been established in the coastal states.

Elizabeth Tennent, of the staff, has illustrated her own story of the "Three Brothers" of France who fought together in the first World War. Though fictitious, the fate of the brothers could well be a prelude to the history of some present European family.

Margaret Wright has followed up the story of the little duck, who feathered his nest in the January issue, with "The Price of An Alphabet", or, "An Apple for the Teacher Ain't Enough". Mary Parrish Vicellio also adds a humorous note in her answer to the age-old question: "Reckon why the rain." It all goes back to Molly and two most attractive twins.

Among the poems appearing are "Arcadia" and "Saga of a Barnyard", both by Bess Windham, and "Sonnet to Love" by a new contributor, Jane McGinnis. "The Robin's Call" is again the work of Bess and Cottie.

### REMINISCING . . . . .

As we look back on those first days last spring, we wonder how we managed to get the issue to press. The seniors were trying to graduate, and we, the staff of the Colonnade, were trying to put out the Senior Issue. It was really a race depending on who got out first—the class or the magazine.

We remember well Mary Mahone's delightful story, "Drew's Children". Mary had such a knack for getting things said. It was in that issue, too, that Lula Windham retorted "Back At You" in reply to the Hampden-Sydney Kappa Alpha's "Candidates for the Firing Squad", and Marie Eason, our Student Body President, recorded "Things I Shall Remember".

The cover picture of the Senior Issue gave us all a bad case of nerves. It was the first time we had experimented with photography in the raw. The greatest catastrophe occurred the morning we tried to get willow branches for the floral arrangement; the willows proved flexible and threw us bounding into the creek below. Such were our experiences when putting out our first issue.

The joy of putting out a magazine did not stop with that first issue. It has meant work, and we all have suffered slight casualties, such as mental collapse and type-writer fingers; but we have enjoyed every minute of it. We hope the magazine has meant as much to you.

Allene Overbey



# Miss Rice -- A Tribute

LILA LONDON

FIFTY years—a half century. It is not often given to one person to serve for this period the same institution. Yet this year marks Miss Rice's fiftieth year as a member of the faculty of our college. Two years ago we celebrated a similar occasion for Miss Coulling. Had Miss Smithey lived a few more years she would have completed the same period of service.

These three, so closely associated in the thoughts of all of us, have built into the standards and ideals of our college something lovely and fine. Teynson has said we are a part of all we have known, and so fifty years of loyal and unselfish service have made these three a real part of all that our college is today. Strongly and distinctly individual, each has given her best to us—and this best of each so woven into the fabric of our standards and traditions means that our college will always be a finer and better institution for having received this service.

Miss Rice has, in addition to having been a member of this faculty for fifty years, been a member of this community her entire life. She was born in Farmville and was educated in private schools and in

the old college which stood on the site now occupied by the State Teachers College. Like most ambitious women of her generation she had to continue her study under private instructors and at summer sessions. She studied in this way at Harvard, Columbia, and Chicago. Always she has been, and still is, a student in the real sense of the word.

A few years ago she was asked to read a paper before the Southern Classical Association, and the fact that after she did so this invitation was repeated for the next three years was a very definite recognition of the estimate this group placed upon what she gave them.

But after all, when we speak of the life work of Miss Rice, it is not of the statistical facts we are speaking but of the intangible influence of her life upon the lives she has touched. One of her pupils said of her one day, "You get so much from Miss Rice besides Latin." All of us who have worked with her as a colleague know just what this pupil meant. There is something about her that just reaches out and makes us not only feel better but also wish to be better—and we are better. We all love her for what she is and what she means to us.



Miss Minnie V. Rice

## *Arcadia*

There's a valley deep in the green of the year,  
Where the sweet tilled fields perfume the breeze,  
And the blue of the sky is always near;  
Where there are dripping honey bees  
... And dearer things than all of these.

There's a valley kind in the gold of the day,  
Where the harvests sleep like tranquil seas,  
And the hours shift by and fall away  
Like brown leaves blowing from the trees  
... And dearer things than all of these.

BESS WINDHAM



# Teacher and Friend

CARALIE NELSON

FOR four years I have known her; but for seven years she has influenced my life, for she taught my high school Latin teacher. Through long association with her in our college, I have grown to love her. And what I say, each of the hundreds whom Miss Rice has taught could say also.

I can see her now as she taps on her desk with a pencil before calling the roll. "Now, girls, force yourselves to read at sight. I can't force you. You'll have to do that yourselves." With these words another Latin lesson is begun.

We feel her sincerity of purpose as she teaches. She has a genuine desire that each student shall love Latin as she does. In her class one dares not say, nor does one believe, that "Latin is dead."

As the lesson proceeds, if the student hesitates or falters, she goes over the passage again. Miss Rice will not tolerate a slipshod translation, and she does not leave a sentence until it has been thoroughly mastered. Because of this, she spends much time explaining difficult constructions to those of us who cannot understand the first explanation. Never have I seen her grow tired of helping girls who earnestly wanted to learn. Consequently, in order to make some grammatical points in Latin clear, she has worked out her own explanations. "This isn't in a grammar," she often says when presenting a new approach to the grammatical problem. But one must know her Latin grammar. To say "The Romans just did it that way" is not an acceptable reason for a construction in Miss Rice's mind.

Miss Rice formed a

philosophy to which she has adhered throughout the years; yet she welcomes our "views on the matter." At times she stops the class to ask each girl what she thinks. "I've got a hard one on you, now," she will say. We usually agree with her, not because it will mean a better grade, for she would not be influenced by this, but because she is usually right.

Her sympathy and understanding have helped many girls over "difficult places," for she has the rare faculty of being able to put herself in the other person's position. She loves all people and will not tolerate hate or gossip.

Because she looks for the best in each person, she seldom reprimands anyone. However, on one occasion, I received a rebuke which I shall not soon forget. She asked if we understood the translation which had just been read. When I hastily said, "No", she replied kindly, but firmly, "I believe you would have, if you had paid attention." She was right. It had more effect than if someone else had hit me in the face.

When I was a freshman and "very wise in my own conceit," I considered myself smart if I could get Miss Rice to talk about something other than the lesson. Now, as a senior, I have become wiser. I know now that no one can get Miss Rice off her subject, for she teaches life. She told me

once, in a private chat, that some teachers adhered strictly to the book, but that she felt it was important at times to talk of other things. Each of us in her Latin classes has learned many things that no text book would ever teach.

For instance, we

## SONG

PERHAPS I SEE THE DAWN OF DAY  
TOO MUCH TO KNOW WHY ROBINS STAY  
AND SING TO IT:  
YET I CONTINUE SEEING YOU  
AND, AS THE ROBINS, LIKE TO STAY  
TO SING A BIT.

BESS WINDHAM

have been told about the history of Farmville State Female Normal School. With her, we have relived the days of Miss Jennie Masters Tabb and of Mrs. Morrison "who preceded Miss Mary White." We have seen S. T. C. in review from the time of Dr. Cunningham to the present administration under "Mr. Jarman." Not only have we learned about this institution, but we have also caught its spirit from her. She has become a symbol of this spirit of cooperation, friendliness, and sincerity which she herself has helped to form during the past fifty years.

Then, too, we have been permitted to share some of her own experiences and interests through stories which she has told us of alumnae she knew as girls, or friends she loves, and of famous personalities she admires. Really, her admiration for Robert E. Lee has made us know and love him better. "Outside the lids of the Bible he is the noblest character," she declares.

But best of all she has shared her philosophy of life with each of her students. One day she said that once before class a girl had asked, "Miss Rice, what is life?" "I told her," she said, "that I didn't know." With that, Miss Rice looked intently out of the window and finally turned and looked again at the class. "And, girls, I still don't know what life is. I know I'm here, and I know I've got to go hence." Although she is unable to explain life with the ease that she explains the second periphrastic in Latin, we do know that she has found the way to make the most of it. All in all, Miss Rice is a Christian. This, we feel, explains her powerful influence for good.

Sunday after Sunday, I have listened to

her teach our Bible Class; week after week, I have seen her apply the principles she teaches. In the midst of teaching about Hannibal's crossing the Alps, she may stop to explain God's plan for man, just as if she were teaching a Bible lesson on the life of Christ.

At the beginning of each quarter Miss Rice works long hours with blundered transfers who are in confusion over schedules, credits, and semester hours. Through her understanding, sympathy, and advice, she helps take from their hearts that feeling of strangeness that so often overpowers students who are entering a new college.

Sigma Pi Rho, a national Latin fraternity, was founded on this campus with the help of Miss Rice. Once each month she meets with this organization to discuss the Roman customs, to transact business about "The Tributum" or to enjoy American refreshments served "a la Roman."

Each student at S. T. C. who has known Miss Rice has her own cherished recollections, but there are two pictures of her that we will remember together: One is when she sits in cap and gown awaiting the taping service of Alpha Kappa Gamma. How fitting it is that she who embodies the spirit of unselfish service should advise the girls who wish to recognize and develop this spirit! The other is when in the candle-lit auditorium after the Christmas banquet, she tells the story of Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man". These pictures will live long in our memories. Years after we have graduated, we will continue to hear her quiet voice say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



# Life . . .

## *Impressions in General*

*Apologies to Gertrude Stein!*

BY ERNESTINE MEACHAM

**L**IFE. That's a noun, and all things that breathe have it; different, of course, but we all have it, and that's the thing that matters. When I look around and see the myriads of ways of living—there, that's a verb, but every breathing, pulsing thing does that too—it quite takes me back, to think how one noun can have so many selves and meanings; and I wonder inside of me whether it's Life that gives a different self to each thing or whether each thing shapes Life differently of its own will. I don't know yet. But it still remains that we all have that same noun, Life, from our first emergence into this outer world; and the kind of Life we shall live after our last exit from it depends, so we're told, upon the way we live in this outer world; so, we gather from that that Life still keeps on living itself even out there back of beyond. So, if one should see beforehand that he isn't going to be fond of Life, or is going to tire of it as he does of his monotonous grey suit, then he should just shake his head and decline his helping of it, because once he lays by his "trailing clouds of glory" and comes into Life, there'll never be any getting out of it. Still, to be able to foresee and decide whether he'll taste of Life, he must be living a Life somehow, somewhere, but that only muddles me up, trying to decide when he could have a first beginning, like trying to figure back to when the time was when God wasn't—or Whoever or Whatever started things to being; but then I don't believe there is any living or consciousness before we come to the World. That opens up a doubt or wondering whether this World *is* really the real World of living and consciousness; it may be only a black-and-grey moving picture shadow of a real world. But anyhow we can be grateful that there isn't just one

long strip of protoplasm rolling endlessly through a machine and being cut out and stamped by a pattern—a different pattern for each individual thing, for sometime or other the supply of patterns must be exhausted, and then the Master Mechanic would be obliged to begin over again, using the same stamp, and that wouldn't be interesting at all after we'd gotten used to the patterns and knew what to expect from each type. The reason I keep saying "thing" is that so many "things" do live: There are flowers, grasses, insects, sea-born things, animals, birds and humans. And each thing has a different Life; flowers live a beauty-Life, as well as a use-Life; but that doesn't get us anywhere, because so does everything, so let's talk all about Human-Life.

I still don't know if it's the Life or the Life-ee that makes the difference. But as the stars in the skies are numberless and changing and moving, so with the Lives in this World of our knowledge.

Life is to me like a long, long snake with a bad case of hiccups—up, down, up, down, all through to the last little wiggle, or the last violent lash of its tail. Or maybe like an endless range of mountain peaks, with deep and shallow dips and valleys between the peaks. The peaks are happiness-times when we perch 'way up over the mists and clouds of trouble, basking in the smile of warm, golden sunshine of love, satisfaction, and happiness; as our hairs soften to grey, then white, the brilliant sunshine softens into the pure, silvery-blue-white of moonlight, but it's still there on the lofty heights. Far down in the valleys, we crouch struggling to clamber up steep, rough banks toward the light, or lie there weeping and feeling so miserable we could "go out in the





garden and eat some worms", and we haven't any garden. I wish I had seven-league boots; then I could go leaping along my mountain range from peak to peak. But

it would be just like me to start from a valley and miss all the peaks, continually putting my feet into every declivity. Some folks seem to do that, living in the valleys of despair all their Lives; while others live on the heights laughing and singing all the while, monarchs of all they survey. Just the smallest thing can carry me up 'way high. A bit of exquisite music, a poem, some writing deep and beautiful in thought, the moon of liquid light sliding through the night-sky, ringing soft clouds round with tones of delicate rose and blue, a wild storm washing a muddy sky clean with pouring rain, a sunset with colors so glorious I want to walk right up into it and gather it all up in my arms, a look or word of love—all these transport me quite out of and beyond myself. Then I'm as easily cast down and down till I'm sure I shall never feel joy's wings again. Then, pff, I'm up! As high as we reach, just that low do we fall after a period, and that should teach us not to allow ourselves to scale such dizzy heights of happiness but to level off our Lives more evenly. But after all, we're better for the glory we've known up there, and it is worth the wretched groping, and we don't love dull, flat Lives, do we?

Creating and performing are the highest of men's activities, and God creates, and there is something of God in men, but a very great many men who can create or perform, are content just to flop in with the listeners; of course, the listeners are essential to the scheme of things, but creating and performing are the highest of men's activities. Creators and performers can listen to each other's works without halting their own output to sit still and listen, and they would be making Life rich and wonderful, making their own Lives mean what they were given for, instead of looking back and sighing, "It might have been." Then God watches, and when He sees a heart and spirit that is ready, He sends an angel down to whisper into the person's mind,

helping him to understand and interpret to us the poetry, or music, or drama; this person learns and loves his art better than we, and so he tries to help us to understand and reverence it—he is the performer; often the creator too.

I wish there weren't any such things as bodies. I wish I could take mine off and walk around in my soul. If we all took off our bodies and went about in our souls, I've a feeling we should see some strange sights. I know some folks whose souls would be like crystalline snowflakes, pure white, shining, delicately lovely in design; then we might see some like cinders, black, burnt out, ugly in shape, and hollow. We should run from anything like these last if we should come face to face with them, and isn't it a shame we can't either keep them from growing to be like that, or detect their existence under a bony exterior and run from them, our own spirits I mean, as well as anybody else's; or can we? Then we might see some poor grey in-betweens who have not the bravado to get good and black nor the courage to gleam on in white.

One night I chanced to step out onto the roof of the dining hall to see what I could see from so high without any roof except the one under me and a blue-black one all jeweled about a mile up high, and to think thoughts in the night. After looking at the stars and at the trees sticking skinny, ghostly arms up against the sky and at the lights of the town dotted round close to the ground, I began to look at some little boys playing around the base of the street light there at the corner behind the building. And when the little boys had gone away, I kept on looking at the light. A thought began working at the back of my head and kept coming till it got to the center where I think with all my mind. This is it: That lamp post wasn't lovely, it wasn't even anything you'd notice one way or another, it was just standing there. But it was serving a purpose; it had been put there for this purpose; it would be missed if it fell down. Then I thought of buildings put up for purposes; then I thought of other things put somewhere for





purposes, rocks, I think, came into my list. No special rock or pebble or grain of sand was placed in any special spot for any special purpose (except by Man); yet if there weren't *any* rocks nor *any* pebbles nor *any* grains of sand *anywhere*, where would the world be? So all the rocks and pebbles and grains of sand have some reason for being, some place in the plan of things. And we are in the world, and if our Lives do seem unnecessary and little, we can consider ourselves a part of the universe as much as any building or rock or pineneedle, each one of us is needed to carry out his part in making up the world, and being humans with minds and souls, we can do so much to make more wonderful that small bit of the world that needs and depends on us. Then Life means something to everything that has been given it, and it is up to us to wipe away the mists that hide the secret, which is the meaning or purpose to each of our Lives, and, having found the secret, to fulfill it the best way we know how, for second-bests are not worthy fees to hold out to the Almighty Judge.

If we would keep the bloom on Life to its outermost edges, there is a certain sweet hope or faith, that is older than Life itself, yet lends a wondrous freshness to living. You remember the mysterious thrill and ecstatic joy in the anticipation that used to make you shiver with delight on Christmas Eve and in the dimness of the next morning, while you still believed in St. Nicholas as the spirit of Christmas? And you remember, too, the sense of being lost, the dullness, and sort of sad wistfulness that hung about you for long Christmases after your older brother confided in you his discovery of the falseness of that dear deception? Then you know a little of the heart-saddening lostness and apathetic despair that stalks on the heels of departing faith, and will throw your whole heart into anchoring and making fast that love and faith and hope in yourself, your friends, and your God, so that Life will always keep for you its rosy, fresh, spring-like, blush of Love and Beauty. For these are not false.

---

## *Pen Poise*

"My most adhesive thoughts are those about impromptu experiences and unthought of ideas."

Mary Parrish Viccellio

"I would have trusted my sister to that man."

Ernestine Meacham

THE MOON IS A GREAT GOLD COIN  
TOSSED BY THE SUN  
FROM THE BANKS OF TWILIGHT  
ACROSS THE RIVER OF NIGHT.

AGGIE MANN

"The rushing black clouds did their best to hide the ghostly white moon."

Miriam Hanvey

"They were as happy together as kittens, romping and smiling all the time."

Ernestine Meacham

"People milled around living out little cross sections of their lives for me."

Ernestine Meacham

"You came—as unobtrusively and late  
As Spring. . . . ."

Edith Nunnally

"He came into my life like a shooting star,—  
A flash—and then oblivion."

Genevieve Cooke

# The Blue Room

JEAN ARINGTON

THE blue room at the end of the corridor in the west wing was the loveliest one in the house, but I hated that room. Later I came to fear it. My great-uncle Jacob had died there. I came to associate the room with black-shrouded female figures, muted voices, tears, and all the similar practices that make up a Christian funeral. It was my first encounter with death, and it was hideous.

The negroes whispered weird stories. They said that the old man's spirit haunted the room by day, and that he took bodily possession of it by night. Naomi, the house maid, said that often when she was cleaning the room she had seen the imprint of his body on the feather bed. She went there only on cleaning day, but my mother used often to go there to sew. I do not know whether she went from force of habit—she had nursed the old gentleman through the long illness—or whether she went there because it was so quiet.

I used to walk down the corridor with her. Often I carried the large, tightly-covered sewing basket for her. How well I remember that basket! It was a large wicker one, the inside of which was beautifully lined with quilted pink satin. There were separate compartments for the silver scissors, the solid gold thimble, the dainty needle books, and other sewing equipment. Here she kept also the money for her household expenses.

I never understood how she could sit for hours in that close, musty room. For some reason, unknown to me, the window was never opened.

One blustery winter evening my mother asked me to run down to the blue room for the sewing basket which she had left there. I was terrified, for it was now quite dark, and the light switch in Uncle Jacob's room was too high for me to reach. I never thought of refusing the request, although

I am sure she never would have made me go, had she known I was afraid.

I started off down the corridor, making as much noise as possible. Somehow the clatter of my heels on the polished surface of the floor was reassuring. I planned my course of action as I went. I would quickly throw open the door and leave it wide open, for this would let in a faint glimmer of light from the hall. Then I would make a dash for the table, grab the basket, and run with it as fast as I could. Surely my courage could withstand those few seconds.

I had now reached the door. I flung it open. As I did so, a gust of cold, damp air hit my face. Just then the door banged shut. In the dark I managed to reach the table, but in my furious and clumsy haste, I hit the basket and it rolled out of my hand. It made no crash at all. It was almost as though it had been caught. Certainly the fall had been broken. By this time I was mad with fear, but I went down on my hands and knees in order to find the basket. I got my hands on it, but very slowly it was pulled away from me. As I reached out once more, my hand encountered human flesh. It was a cold, hard hand. I do not know how I reached the door, or how I managed to open it, but I did, and ran up the corridor shrieking, "Uncle Jacob has your basket, Mama, and he won't give it up!"

After I had related my story, my father told me that I must never again listen to any tale the negroes might tell. He said that what I had experienced was the result of my imagination. He would go to the room with me, he said, to show me that the sewing basket was still on the floor where it had fallen. I went with him, for where he was, fear could not be.

He found the switch and flooded the room with light. The basket was not to be found, but the white gauze-like curtains were billowing in the stiff breeze which was blowing in through the open window.



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## Tangier

EMMA HUTCHIESON

**T**ANGIER Island lies in the Chesapeake Bay about twelve miles from the mainland of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, due northwest between the mouths of the Onancock and the Pungateague rivers. Though it is a small island, being only about five miles long and two miles wide including the marsh lands, yet it is famous all over the eastern United States for its seafood.

The island can be reached only by boat or seaplane. There was formerly a steamboat dock at which a steamboat made a scheduled stop on its trip from Norfolk up to Baltimore, Maryland. Now, not having been repaired for many years because of lack of use, the dock has deteriorated until only a part of it is still standing. If you

want to land on the island, you must tie your boat up beside another, and walk over the bows of perhaps ten others to get to shore. While walking across any bow, you may peer down into the cabin or ship's hold, and see the captain and crew catching their forty winks.

The minute you arrive on the island, you have a faint suspicion of being watched. Strangers are not unknown on the island, and yet every new comer is a foreigner until he has proved himself otherwise. In the town, you see not many streets but one narrow lane, which is just about wide enough for one car to travel. But there is not a single car on the entire island. People walk wherever they wish to go and transport their merchandise in wheel-barrows.

The houses are built close to the street. There are no sidewalks, and white fences line the street. Every house has its white fence, either painted or whitewashed. A familiar sound is a child's whistle and the beating of his play-stick on the pickets of the white fence. The houses are plain and simple in design, and few have front porches. Usually there are from four to six of the same type in a row, and in all, there are perhaps five different types. The favorite type is a plain wooden frame house, having two wings forming the shape of the letter, L. Because everything in the way of building materials has to be imported, the natives cannot afford to have expensive homes. And yet they are all as happy as if they were living in a king's mansion.

There is no community or denominational graveyard. Instead, each family has its own private one in the front yard, next to the fence. One gets the impression when walking down the street, of walking through an endless cemetery. Tombstones stand grave and rigid on either side.

The most elaborate and up-to-date home on the island is that of the Methodist preacher. Here we find a bath room, running water, and electricity. These conveniences are by no means prevalent all over the island, but in recent years, street lights and lights for the church have appeared.

There are about four stores on the island, one church, one theatre, and one ice cream parlor. As everything has to be brought from the mainland by boat, the prices of all commodities are high. Many of the islanders make the hauling of produce in boats their life work, and it is a profitable business.

The average native, however, secures a livelihood for himself and his family from the water. He gets up at about three o'clock in the morning and then his day starts. By the light of a lamp he partakes of his morning meal of boiled fish and biscuits which his wife has prepared for him. Then putting on a wind-breaker and a sea-going cap, he makes his way in the darkness down to the shore. Except for yelling a hello to his neighbor, he works silently, storing away his nets and bait. As day dawns he shoves off to meet his unpredict-

able fortune. He must work with the changing tides. The best time to catch crabs is on flood (rising) tide; at this time the tide has all ebbed out and begun to come in, bringing with it crabs and what not. Softly paddling his canoe or skiff, he looks down into the water. Then silently and deftly he swoops down with his net and up comes a crab. At least he hopes so. It may be a soft crab, a hard crab, commonly known as a Jimmy crab, or a peeler. He continues to do this until the tide and wind have changed. Then he moves on and while his engine is chugging along he sorts out his catch, hoping that he has more peelers than Jimmy crabs. He will receive one penny for every Jimmy crab and two and one-half cents for every peeler. The soft crabs he uses for bait.

The waters are so familiar to him that he needs only half of his attention for navigating his craft. He sits in the stern on a box perhaps, and, with his feet propped upon a crab barrel and a rolled cigarette between his weather-beaten lips, he dreams of the gay, exciting life on the mainland. He wonders how long it will be before he will be financially able to make a trip over. Perhaps he can get some other people to go and they will help him share the expense. And then he can get Mandy that lovely dress she so wanted for only \$2.98. Finally coming upon an old favorite fishing hole, he drops anchor. After catching a sufficient quantity, he weighs anchor and starts for home.

Upon arrival at home he is greeted at the back door by a savory smell of food. Suddenly he realizes how long it has been since he has last eaten. Calling loudly for dinner, he quickly eats and goes down to the shore again. Here he minds his nets and baits them for the next day's venture. After bailing his boat out and seeing that everything is shipshape, he starts up town. There at the general store he learns all the latest gossip. Perhaps he will drink a soda and buy a bag of candy for the children. Then he finds his way home to dinner and rest. At three o'clock the next morning, another day begins.

A Tangierman could not live without his boat; it is essential to him as a means of eeking out a livelihood. Every man on



the island possesses a boat of some description and it is his pride and joy. It may be only a leaky skiff or it may be a motor boat, but each has for his own boat a love known only to seafaring folk.

Being surrounded by water, the island does not have any protection from storms. One August about five years ago, a severe storm struck the island. Thirty large oak trees were felled in a row and tombstones were washed loose from the ground. The boats broke away from their moorings and the natives suffered much from the effects of the storm.

The winters are severe. In the winter of 1939, Eastern Shore had its worst snow storm in twenty-five years. The entire bay was frozen over and natives walked from Tangier to Chrisfield, Maryland. The

water between these two points is the deepest part of the Chesapeake Bay. There was no way of bringing food supplies to the island. The United States Navy was forced to take a hand in the situation. They flew medical and food supplies to the island and, being unable to land, were compelled to drop them from the sky.

The people of Tangier Island are very quiet and they lead simple lives. The variety of amusements is limited. On Sunday every one goes to church and remains there throughout the day. In the old days on one occasion, an officer shot a man because he refused to attend. Their outlook is narrow, but, on the whole, they are a lovable people striving hard to eke out whatever existence Nature will afford them.



(Picture Courtesy Virginia Chamber of Commerce)

## Excerpt from a Letter to Mr. Cagner

In a recent criticism of the *Colonnade*, Mr. John Beaty, Professor at the Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, and author of *Image of Life*, wrote: "I think they show excellent work on the part of undergraduate girls. I of course couldn't read all the prose, but thought what I read very good indeed. I like objective poetry and preferred "Hospitality" by Bess Windham. It is quite all right for a youngster. I was about to say I wished the jokes had been left out, but then I read the jokes and found them the most original and entertaining set I had found in a long time. I think the magazine shows a little infiltration of decadent sentimentalism in its book reviews."

The above criticism is a challenge to every reader of the *Colonnade*. We have always welcomed criticism from our contributors and our readers; we now invite it. You, the contributors, have merited the praise given by Mr. Beaty. It is up to you to maintain this standard which you have set for yourselves. Mr. Beaty suggests that the book reviews could be improved upon. We urge that you who would like to see your magazine improve in quality and standing be the first to help it do so. Voice your criticism; submit your suggestions; *write for the Colonnade!*

THE EDITOR

# ... The Rob

Hullo. . . .  
A new month is here ! !

*How eloquently March contrived  
To be around when Spring arrived;  
The robins and the furry folk  
Grin delighted with the joke;  
A squirrel almost bit the tree  
Scrambling up a limb to see—  
And dropped his acorn in alarm  
When he caught them arm in arm!*



## TRANSITION

Sly Mother Nature, she must have  
Millions of secrets she'll never tell  
Like the mystery of the small brown acorn  
With an oak tree wrapped within its shell.

AGNES PATTERSON

*And oft about this time of Spring  
One needs a change of face;  
How sad 'twould be if everything  
Were fastened in its place.*



## CALLING

Together they cry out to me—  
Their voices blended into one.  
"Come, come back to the wind swept sea  
Before another day is done."

And when I hear them calling so,  
Calling on windy, rainy days,  
The heart of me is strong to go  
And sickens of these inland ways.

Yet tied by bonds I cannot break  
Here in the inland I must stay;  
But when they call me I awake  
With longing to be where they play.

A. G. C.

*March is fled  
Won't wait  
Plainly, she  
Rejuvenating*

*So long. . .*

# n's Call . . .

*A letter opened on my knee;  
To prove it's not untrue—  
March, blow my lover back to me,  
So long have I been blue!*



## NOSTALGIA

Come home with white gulls sailing across blue  
skies  
And memories of tropical shores deep in your  
eyes.  
Come home upon a sea of calm blue-green  
And spin your yarns of the love and the life  
you've seen.  
Come home, my love, with your wander-lust  
grown dim  
And let me hold your hand while you tell of  
them.

ANNE C. WILLIAMS

*No matter how the week has been,  
No matter how the day,  
We can find some comfort in  
A peaceful time to pray.*

## GRACE

Thank you, God, for deep blue sky  
And Heaven's star lights pasted high  
For one last cloud afloat the rim  
Of yon horizon's lacy brim.

And one soft-sweet melody  
That whispers, "Nearer, my God, to Thee".

FRANCES HUDGINS



*ing all about  
anything,  
't do without  
pring. . . .*

BESS WINDHAM

# *Life More Abundant*

BETTY FAITH WHITE

LIFE more abundant. This was it. I tripped lightly with fairy feet amid jewel-topped grasses to the summit of my hill, and took an eager hungry look north, south, east, west. I was "Lord of all I surveyed"—from the dreamy mysterious pine glades, to the warm steady light in the big brick house, from the mists rolling up from the hollow, to the plowman and his horse distantly silhouetted in black against a flaming sky.

It was spring. Into my lungs I breathed air so cool and fresh and sweet with clover blossoms and wild honeysuckle that my knees trembled with joyful weakness. My soul filled with the wine of such beauty could not stay in my breast much longer. It should soon escape, mingle with the whispering evening breezes, and race after fire-flies.

Ah, but joy of all joys, in the stream below the frogs began their chorus, tuning their instruments with the cow-bells' tinkle. Tears came to my eyes. I whispered brokenly the words of the poet "World, world, I cannot hold thee close enough."

The sunset faded, the farmer left his plow and wearily followed his horse homeward. The wind blew colder, and home, with its open fire and warm supper, drew me. But that is my world. No outsider is there. The quiet woods and fields shut out a rushing, brilliant "other world." May it always be like that!





## *These Three*

ELIZABETH TENNENT

THIS winter has been a hard one for me. I have been quite lonely and depressed at times in this bare, dark cell of mine which I cynically call home. You know, ten years in prison can seem an eternity to one who loves life and freedom and people. I don't suppose I have a friend left in the outside world now. Everyone has probably forgotten who I am and why I am here—nobody cares. Shut in from family and people with whom I might talk, I really haven't had a fair chance to tell my story. Oh, it's true that I am not quite alone here. I sit in my cell and watch the guards and the other prisoners pass. They all stare curiously at me as if I were an animal in a trap. I'm sure they all think they know why I'm here. But they can't possibly understand. They don't know the thoughts that have been going through my mind each hour of the day for ten long

years. I couldn't tell them; they wouldn't be interested; they could only be curious. Lately, time has passed so quickly that I realize I must do something to ease my conscience. The doctors tell me that I have but a short time to live. I am glad. This is one case in which an incurable disease has proved to be a blessing. But before my time comes to die, I must write my story. This is it.

Twenty years ago in southern France there lived a prosperous wine merchant and his family—a devoted wife and mother, and three boys. I was the eldest of those three brothers. The youngest was so dear that everyone spoke of him as the baby of the family. I don't believe the thought of harming anyone ever entered his mind. He trusted me so completely that often I was quite afraid of doing something that would lessen his faith in me. So very different was

our other brother. Weakness in character and body had always been a handicap to him. People never liked him unless they were with him a great deal. Then they would discover his good qualities which he was too shy to show except rarely.

Our home was a happy one. What home isn't with three growing, healthy, noisy boys in it! I can still remember the good times we all had together. Even father seemed like a boy. He was our pal, and he could always find time to laugh at our boyish ways. How little we dreamed then that our father was to die after an illness which lasted only a few short months. He died quite peacefully, they said, but I was shocked and stunned by it. I had never realized that such a thing could really happen. But it did and now the only sensible way to do was to hide our grief and try to live as though there were no empty place in our home. Our loss brought us all even closer together and soon we were a jolly family again.

One day we woke up to find that the family money had dwindled, till we were almost destitute. I, being the oldest, became the sole supporter of the family. The other boys were so young that I did not want either of them to go out and try to earn his own living. I realize now that I should have taught them more self-reliance; perhaps, if I had, they would have been better fitted for the war which was declared exactly three years after father's death. By the end of the third year, I had managed to save a little money, which I put away for an emergency. Many times since, I have been thankful for the foresight that made me put it aside. That money supported mother during the war and for some time after.

All three of us were called. We wanted to fight to make our country "safe for democracy" but it was hard to leave our home, our mother, and all the things dear to us. I really believed then that mother would die if our youngest brother should be killed. He was her last born, and he had never ceased to be a baby to her. I know she dreaded just as I did the thought of his having to face the horrors of war.

Fortunately, we were all put in the same regiment not far from the front. We saw

very little of each other, however, for fighting was intense around us. We had time to exchange only a few brief words when we were together. No one knows how hard we slaved and toiled in the muddy trenches. Often we had only a few hours' sleep at night. Surprisingly enough, the other two were bearing up quite well under the strain of such trying times. Along with our fighting there was always that ceaseless worry that mother was in need. But from time to time we received a letter from her saying she was all right. We only hoped and prayed that the war would be over soon and that we could go back to her.

I can remember now, as if it had happened only yesterday, the incident that shaped me into what I am now. The officer in charge of our division needed a man to go as a spy upon the enemy's territory. This mission was of the utmost importance to the strategy of the company's next move. To do that took iron nerves and a cool head in the face of danger. None of us has ever been able to understand why the officer chose the man he did.

The whole company hated the man he chose because he seemed to have no concern about the fate of his country. Perhaps I was the only one who understood his hatred of war and killing. But that hatred was no excuse for his offering money to a young fellow to go in his place. If I had known in time, I could have prevented all the disaster that followed. Unfortunately, I was transferred to another company and did not learn of the incident until a week later, and then in a round about sort of way. But it was too late. The boy was killed. I have never seen a group of men more broken up about the death of a comrade than was our whole company. I went back and questioned them. They could give me little information other than that which I have already stated. His death grieved me deeply, not only because I loved him, but because his death seemed so unfair. No one so young should die because of another man's cowardice. I burned to get my hands on that man. He had gone without a single scratch from the final great skirmish which ended the war.

Against my will, a plan for revenge was

subconsciously growing in my mind. I tried not to allow myself to think of it, for I was afraid of what I might do. One day about five months after the war, when I was walking along a street in Paris, I saw *him*. I hated this man with an all-consuming hatred. He happened to glance up as we passed. Surprise lighted his face as he joyfully came to meet me.

"Pierre—my friend! It's been so long since I've seen you. Where have you been? I've wanted to see you and talk with you." Thus he greeted me as if I were his lifelong friend.

I replied with a bitterness which I tried to conceal. "Why, I have been working—working hard and trying not to remember those days which are behind us."

He seemed to have forgot completely the incident. Apparently he did not notice my forced casualness, for he replied eagerly, "Can't we find a small cafe where we can sit undisturbed? I should like very much to discuss a certain matter with you."

My already distorted mind seized upon this opportunity.

"Yes, why not?" This was the one chance I had been waiting for all this time.

So great was my hatred for this man that I became completely insane. Quickly I said, "One moment, Jon. I have to make a small purchase. I shall be back in a minute." He waited outside, whistling happily. It was quite evident that he had no idea that I knew anything about that incident.

Nevertheless, he seemed eager to talk. His face had an anxious expression on it as if something were preying so heavily on his mind that he had to tell it to somebody. I wanted to hear nothing he had to say. I was seething inside but outwardly I was calm and polite. Nothing at that moment could have convinced me that I was wrong in doing what I did. I know now that I was wrong in thinking that I could right in an instant all the wrong he had done. When he turned around to beckon to the waiter, calmly but quickly I dropped the poison into his wine glass. That was my small purchase, which I had procured from a friend in the drug store, ostensibly to poison a dog.

When he turned toward me, he had a strange, apologetic look on his face. I became uneasy. Suppose—but no, I was right. He fingered his glass, raised it quickly and gulped down its contents.

Like a bomb-shell, more shocking than any explosion in the war, he made his strange announcement. "Pierre, I have been searching for you ever since the war. I have wandered all over France hoping to find you. I went to your home once but you had not returned there." I pretended I was looking for work. With a pitiful expression on his face he continued, "I am not a courageous sort of person, but I want you to know this, because I feel that you alone understand how I felt about the war, and that you did not blame me for my apparent weakness."

By this time he was talking so excitedly and so fast that I could scarcely understand what he said. But when he said, "I paid a man, not the boy to go as a spy in my place", my hatred crumbled and vanished like mist. The world seemed to drop from under me. All that was left for me in life died that instant. The man explained excitedly that the man he had bribed had in turn bribed the boy. He begged me to believe him.

I was so completely stunned by what I had done, that I must have looked ghastly. I can barely remember what happened after that, but I do remember that a few seconds later he was dead. He never knew whether or not I believed him. The gendarmes came and took me away. I went without protest. I confessed and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Since that day, remorse has made my life unbearable. The years I have spent in prison, with nothing to do but think, think, all day long, have been horrible. I had killed my brother. Yes, the boy who was bribed, the man I killed, and I were those same three brothers who twenty years ago had been so happy. Mother died two years ago. A distant relative was with her. Her three sons would have been, but one, the youngest, was killed in action, and one was murdered by his own brother. I can stand it no longer. I am glad that I shall soon die!

# Then Came the Rain

MARY FARRISH VICCELLIO

HOW ambitious are mothers for their daughters! Mothers act as spurs and incentives for their slothful, purposeless offspring, urging them on to life and achievement.

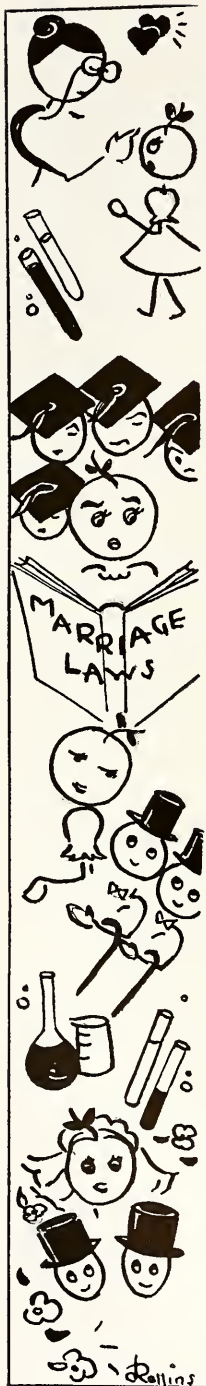
In an ordinary human existence this is, you agree, quite true. It is rather amazing, I think, to find it so in such small families as the Atoms and Molecules. Yet here a similar situation exists. Perhaps the lives of Matilda and Molly will convince you.

Matilda Molecule was trying to get Molly Atom, her only child, married off. But Molly was thought to have some strange blood in her (the general consensus of opinion was that she was part Helium) and, consequently, marriage would be a little difficult. Anyway, Winchell had quoted her as saying "I wish to live alone." Of course, she hadn't met the Hydrogen twins as yet, and they play a great part in her life.

Molly, as a member of a large clan of Atoms, naturally caused much unrest and worry. All the Ninety-Two Constituent Elements were worried sick about her. In Jersey they were 'pretoibed'; in the South, they were 'powerful sorry'; the French thought it was the most amazing thing, and Spain had never seen the beat of it.

Then one day a great change came in Molly's life. After much connivance and embarrassment on her part, Matilda got Molly a ticket to a "Gone With the Wind" ball. There she met the famous twins.

After only one evening spent with them, she began to feel drawn to them as if by a magnet. A casual acquaintance grew into a beautiful friendship, out of which evolved a strong, impelling, yet uncontrollable love. This would have been perfectly natural had not both the twins loved her, and had she, in turn, not loved both of them. Frankly, Molly was worried. Upon investigation, though, she found that, in Chemistry, bigamy is quite the usual thing, and thus she was free to marry them both. So  $H_1$  and  $H_2$  (the twins) united with O (our own sweet Molly) and formed one of the happiest unions in existence from which the whole  $H_2O$  family has descended and rained upon the face of the earth.





# The Price of an Alphabet

MARGARET WRIGHT



**M**OST little pigs are very happy, but the little pig I'm going to tell you about was not. He was very, very sad. His name was Porky.

All of Porky's animal friends, Bossy, the calf, Polly Pelican, Girtie, the giraffe, and last of all Stinky, the Skunk, had gone on a picnic. But not Porky. Miss Flossie Rabbit had kept him in after school for not learning his alphabet as a good little pig should.

Porky poked slowly home after leaving Miss Flossie's. He wasn't very anxious to go home, because he knew his mother would want to know why he hadn't gone on the picnic. As he trudged on he could hardly hold back the tears. Faintly in the distance he could hear the gay, excited voices of the others playing in the creek. He wished with all his heart that he were there.

Just as Porky thought, the first thing Mrs. Pork said when she saw Porky climb over the stile was, "Porky, what have you done, now? Why aren't you at the picnic?"

"I don't know," fibbed the little pig looking very forlorn.

"Porky, did you throw spitballs, today?" questioned Mrs. Pork.

"No, mam," Porky pouted.

"Did you tease the girls, Porky?"

"No, mam." Porky wiggled uncomfortably.

"Were you late to school?" His mother was getting impatient.

Porky mumbled "No, mam," once more.

Putting her head in her hands, Mrs. Pork thought and thought. What could Porky have done? Finally, she spoke very sternly. "William Pork, did you know your lesson this morning?"

William Pork hung his head and answered in a very low voice. "No, ma'am!"

Mrs. Pork's face softened when she saw Porky looking so dejected. "Well, we won't use the switch this time." Porky's face brightened. "But," continued Mrs. Pork, "I only see one thing for you to do, and that is to sit down and learn the alphabet *this afternoon*."

In spite of Porky's long face, Mrs. Pork put on her bonnet and gloves, kissed her little pig good-bye, and went visiting.

Porky picked up his book disgustedly and started learning his a b c's—First he learned a, then a b, and then a b c, until he reached e—By this time Porky's attention was completely distracted by his playmates' voices drifting in through the window, and the March wind calling him.

Just as Porky was tiptoeing out of the house, Uncle Charlie Hambone came



clump, clump, clump, down the steps—"Son, how do you expect to learn your letters creeping through doors?" chuckled the old man. "Did you ever try rhyming 'em? 'Twon't take you any time. Let's see what we can do?"

When Mrs. Pork returned, what did she find but Uncle Charlie and Porky playing Chinese checkers.

"Porky," she began in a very severe tone.

"Just leave the lad alone," interrupted Uncle Charlie. "He can say his letters backwards and forwards—either way you wish." And sure enough he could not

only say his alphabet from beginning to end, but he also had done his arithmetic and geography for *two* days.

Mrs. Porky was so excited she left her dinner cooking on the stove and went right down to the nearest department store to get a present for Porky. And what do you think it was? The reddest "pork-pie" hat you ever saw. It was just what Porky wanted most. Miss Flossie was so pleased with Porky the next day that she gave him a picnic that was better than the one he had missed. And even now the letter "p" is Porky's favorite 'cause it stands for "Porky", "picnic" and "pork-pie."



## *Saga of a Barnyard*

BESS WINDHAM

A peaceful peacock lifts his head  
And struts his graceful willow way  
Close by the farm-yard flower bed,  
Where a cow lies on the daisies' gay  
White frills, and eats with closed brown  
eyes,  
And chews regardless of the flies.

This peaceful peacock with the air  
Of a stately king walks round his pen,  
And with a look quite debonair  
Ignores the donkey's sickly grin.  
(Tomorrow there'll be a peacock pie,  
But I dare say the donkey and cow won't  
cry!)

## *Against Your Lips*

I should like to die against your lips  
For then, my love, my heart would feel no pain,  
And tears would fall unheeded on my cheeks  
And cool my heart like gentle summer rain.

I should like to die against your lips  
And feel your arms around me, sure and strong.  
Would they could hold me back from darkness; yet  
I should not wish to live—life would be wrong.

If you were not beside me, and I knew  
Not joy that tingles to the finger tips—  
Love, let me run my fingers through your hair  
And some day—let me die against your lips.

ANNE C. WILLIAMS

## *Sonnet*

The crescent moon sleeps new-born in the sky  
Watched jealously by one green-gilded star;  
The clouds play hide-and-seek. And from afar  
A drowsy bird calls. Only you and I  
In all this tranquil beauty, sleepless lie,  
Haunted by thoughts which strain to cross the bar  
That parts us—yearning, lonely thoughts that scar  
The crystal night, and make its beauty die.

God did not mean this night for loneliness.  
He sees the futile tears that fill my heart,  
And in His mercy for man's stupid wiles,  
Takes pity on our love. Will He not bless  
My thoughts that bridge the space we are apart  
And race to meet your thoughts across the miles?

JANE MCGINNIS



## Give Me Liberty

By John Erskine, New York,  
Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1940.  
\$2.50



AS the title of this book implies, it is a story of a people searching for liberty—liberty that to those Virginians of 1759-1776 meant freedom not only from the English but also freedom from aristocratic control.

To make clear the history of Virginia's winning her freedom, John Erskine has taken David, a boy of ten and woven about him the story. From the first time that David Farril met Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, then only accomplished young men, he worshipped them as heroes, particularly Patrick Henry. Later, as a student in the Reverend Maury's school when the Parson's cause came up, David was torn between respect for his schoolmaster and guardian and his admiration and support for his hero, Patrick Henry. To his gratification, however, he was associated with Reverend Maury long enough to see him and most of his neighbors, except the one who so long refused David the hand of his daughter in marriage, come over to Patrick Henry's side.

As a presentation of the growth of sentiment against England and as a portrayal of the social life of early Virginia *Give Me Liberty* is well worth reading. One cannot read the book without catching the patriotism of the Colonial people who traveled long distances to reach the crowded church in which the immortal words; "Give me liberty or give me death" were spoken. Nor can one help having sympathy and understanding for the young American people who strove to reconcile a growing desire for detachment from the mother country with their love for her.

## How Green Was My Valley

By Richard Llewellyn, The Macmillan Co.,  
1940. \$2.75

"How green was my Valley, then, and the Valley  
of them that have gone."

THIS magnificent novel of Wales clearly and vividly portrays the tragedy and comedy of life itself. The simplicity and the beauty of the prose make us feel the fierce clan loyalty of these people, their independence, as well as the vigor and power of their godly life.

In the singing rhythms of Welsh speech. Huw Morgan tells of his family and their friends in a coal mining village during the days of Queen Victoria. There was steady work then, and good pay in jingling sovereigns that kept the tin box on the mantelpiece heavy. And there were his shrewd and impulsive mother, his loving father—who was held in high esteem by all his neighbors—and his many brothers and sisters. In those golden days everyone was satisfied with life.

But Huw lived to see a change. His Valley grew black with the slag and coal dust. Desolation spread; wages dropped; foreigners came into the Valley, organized unions, and led the people in strikes. The great slag heaps grew and like avalanches crept menacingly down upon his home. Thus at the age of sixty, Huw Morgan was driven from his Valley!

MARIE BIRD ALLEN

PATSY CONNELEY



# Our Reading

## Any Century

By Patti Broadhurst—The Dial Press, New York, 1940, \$1.75

(Miss Patti Broadhurst is an alumna of Farmville State Teachers College—Editor's Note).

PATTI BROADHURST'S purpose in writing her latest volume of poetry has found expression in Aaron Smock's painting, which he did especially for *Any Century*. The central figure of the picture is a man whose outstretched arms are ready to receive whatever this century may bring!

"In any century these things are true,  
Though language cease and other sounds prolong  
The song of life, God, pain, and what-to-do."

In each of the five sections into which *Any Century* is divided, there is a separate theme.

In the first section, entitled "Patterns", the author expresses the idea that "Everything is a pattern." Not only the way we say "Good morning", but even the words we use are patterns. For instance, the words, "filigree of snow flakes", and "Good morning" are nought but patterns. Every pattern, however, according to Miss Broadhurst, has a purpose.

In the same poem "Patterns," Miss Broadhurst gives expression to another of her favorite ideas:

"All things move forward, fall back, die out,  
And are reborn in a system of unbroken design."

In her poem "Of Beauty", she says,

"The one thing, and one thing only,  
That absorbs the unmoving center of my mind—  
Is the understanding of beauty."

To her, Beauty explains religion, "the use of living," "the compensation of suffering, and the desire for life". It has the power even to make man forget his

"selfish desire  
To make the world over,  
According to his own accepted pattern."

In the same poem Miss Broadhurst expresses the startlingly true fact that

"—beauty is a dangerous work—  
It is the most debased and misunderstood word  
In man's bewildering vocabulary,  
And the most needed to be understood."

In her poem "Doors", from which the title of the second section of *Any Century* is taken, the author compares life to a house with "Many windows and many, many doors." The author's conclusion is "—all houses are built in a circle."

As we have already seen in other poems, Miss Broadhurst believes in progress and the future. But in her poem, "Forward," she says that although one thinks that he may see into the future, he is actually not able to see

"—even one inch beyond  
The place from which he proceeds."

She is convinced that our ever pushing forward not only impels us toward our goal but gives us faith in ourselves, and that through this self-generated faith we arrive unexpectedly somewhere.

The third division of Miss Broadhurst's volume of lyric poetry is "Darkness". That Darkness which comes in everyone's life, she hails as a merciful power,

"That heals both searing shame and putrefactive  
pride,  
That cools forever the raging heart,  
And binds forever with its weightless windings  
The crucified dream."

In the last sonnet, in *Any Century*, Miss Broadhurst concludes with a fitting note of triumph that

"Death shall not kill me though at last I sleep—  
Too soundly to recall the radiant day—  
Let no man think I lie for lack of will  
Nor that supinely so my life is done."

For only in such quietness is wrought  
The recompensing mysteries of thought."

Miss Broadhurst's poetry is simple, sincere, delicate, vivid, and musical. Many literary notables, among whom are Lizette Woodworth Reese, Cornelius Weygandt, Stephen Benet, have spoken in praise of her three volumes of poetry, which are *Any Century*, *Worn Shoes*, and *For Florida*.

Although Miss Broadhurst may never rise to fame's greatest heights, her poetry possesses enduring as well as endearing qualities to the thoughtful reader of any century.

ELEANOR C. FOLK

## New England: Indian Summer

By Van Wyck Brooks, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1940 \$3.75

HAVING won the Pulitzer Prize for his *Flowering of New England* which proved to be a best seller for fifty-two consecutive weeks, Van Wyck Brooks is again in the literary spotlight. His latest work, *New England: Indian Summer*, is a distinctive contribution to modern literature.

Skillfully and delightfully, the author portrays the period of New England culture in the days when it was dominated by the Boston Olympians—Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Thoreau—to the days when New England literary traditions manifest themselves again in the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Robert Frost.

In his inimitable, lucid, picturesque style Van Wyck Brooks acquaints us with the greatness of the New England literary centers, Boston and Concord. In Boston he points out to us Emerson descending from his horse cart, and the scarcely less famous Dr. Howe, whose wife, Julia Ward Howe, wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic". A little farther on, he shows us the "sailors with bearded lips" as they sauntered along the water front—the only kind that were in Longfellow's poems.

So many of the people in New England were authors at that time that Bret Harte

in referring to the period, once said that you couldn't shoot in any direction without bringing down a writer of two or more volumes, and a Cambridge lady also facetiously remarked that when she met a Cambridge man and found herself at loss for conversation, she always asked, "How is your book coming on?" Nor was it unusual, according to Brooks, for one little girl to say to another, "Your grandfather is a poet, is he not?" and for her friend's reply to be, "Why, yes, isn't yours?" Writing or editing then was a real New England vocation.

As to Concord, it was "without crime". According to Edward Simmons, who was born there, the only prisoner anyone remembered begged, when he was released from jail, to be allowed to live in Concord. The privilege was granted. Often on evenings this same man would fiddle on Emerson's door steps.

When Concord people saw a person whom they didn't know, they would say "Oh, that's a philosopher." The Alcott family also lived in Concord. It was here that Louisa Alcott gathered moss for Alcott's arbors, browsed in Emerson's library where she read Shakespeare, Dante, Carlyle, and Goethe, and roamed the fields near Concord with Thoreau.

All of this literary atmosphere William Dean Howells caught and appreciated to the fullest as he wandered through New England. Really his career is the unifying element in Mr. Brooks' book. Howells had come as an aspiring young man to Boston in 1866 with a poem published in the *Atlantic Monthly* as his chief letter of introduction. Possessing delicate perceptions, he impressed Lowell and other Olympians favorably. As time went on and he rose in authority, novels poured from his pen, and people were forced to explain that no one had ever scanned the country with such an all-observing eye. One could say that so far as letters went, and letters went very far in Cambridge, Howells was an heir of the ages. Was he not, as Lowell observed, the living image of Chaucer, minus the beard, as anyone could see from Occleve's portrait? This was enough for Lowell and enough for New England.

LUCY TURNBULL



# PRATTLES

By "PRITCH"

A colored preacher was hearing confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessin'—you's bragging'."

—† ‡ †—

The magician's wife knew he was up to his old tricks because she discovered a hare on his shoulder.—Va. Tech.

—† ‡ †—

Engineer—"And poor Bill was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishwoman—"My word! What fierce birds you have in America."

—† ‡ †—

An owl, after primping before calling on his lady friend, stepped out of his nest to find it raining hard. Sadly he said: "Too wet to woo."

—† ‡ †—

Dumb: "What sorority do you belong to?"

Dora: "Damma Phi No."

—† ‡ †—

Collitch Knowlitch

Jack: "At last I've discovered what they do with the holes in doughnuts."

Dee: "What?"

Jack: "They use 'em to stuff macaroni with."

—† ‡ †—

Professor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Unsubdued Student: "Not in the least, sir, not in the least."—Exchange

—† ‡ †—

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Friend with a bottle."

"Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."—Exchange.

—† ‡ †—

Beggar: "Have you got a dime for a cup of coffee?"

Student: "Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you."—Exchange.

Three Britons, each hard of hearing:  
First Limey: "Is this Wembley?"  
Second Pelter: "No, it's Thursday."  
Third Limey: "So am I. Let's have a Scotch and soda."—Exchange.

—† ‡ †—

Pessimistic?

A college professor declares that, contrary to scientific opinion, the interior of the earth is not so hot. In our unscientific opinion, the same thing is true of the exterior.—Exchange.

—† ‡ †—

Then there were the two fleas that retired and bought a dog.—Exchange.

—† ‡ †—

Voice on phone: "Mary Smith is sick and can't come to class today. She requested me to notify you."

Professor: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."—Exchange.

—† ‡ †—

Old Lady: "Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you."

Little Boy: "Oh, it's all right. She's dead."

—† ‡ †—

At social whirl and giddy pace  
The bed-bug makes a sour face,  
Because he's in an awful plight  
If people don't come home at night.

—Log

—† ‡ †—

So Do I

I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl brings to dances.

—† ‡ †—

Old Lady (to little boy smoking a cigarette)—"You'd better stop doing that. Otherwise, you'll never become president."

Little Boy—"Oh, that's all right, lady. I'm a Republican, anyway."



## PRATTLES

Mother—"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

Son—"Shooting craps, mother."

Mother—"That must stop! Those little things have as much right to live as you."

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